

Lock Screen

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30703196) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30703196>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship , Established Relationship , Sleeping Together , Kissing , Alternate Universe - High School , Football Player Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Fluff , Sharing Clothes , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Domestic Fluff , no beta we die like men , Idiots in Love , No Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-15 Words: 5055

Lock Screen

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

"They found out we were dating because my lock screen is a picture of you." He smiled.

or

Dream and George are secretly dating and one picture is the drop of water that makes the dam crumble.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

A gentle tap on the window was the sound that ripped George out of his peaceful slumber. It was the middle of the night -- a school night. He groaned into the cold air and shifted to attempt to sleep again. For a few moments, the only sound was the overhead fan's soft hum and George's shallow breathing.

Tap, tap, tap.

There was no going back to sleep now. George threw his comforter onto the floor, leaving it next to the discarded pile of hoodies. Icy wood stung his feet as he shuffled towards the locked window. It was only a few feet to the other side of the room, but in George's disgruntled state, it could've been miles.

Once the journey across George's room was finished, he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and lifted

the cheap plastic blinds. He expected to be met with the sleepy eyes of a tired friend but was pleasantly surprised at the handsome face he found instead.

Dream.

Immediately, George's sluggish posture straightened, and he grinned. It had only been two hours since they last spoke, but Dream missed George, and George missed Dream.

The quiet click of two locks unhinging and a heavy window rising made both boys giddy. Sneaking into one another's home wasn't uncommon, but it still managed to make George and Dream giggle like children.

Dream pushed himself into the comforting scent of George's room. Once his feet met the mahogany floor, he turned and wrapped his arms around George's waist.

"Missed you," he mumbled into George's hair. He rocked them in a tiny circle, smiling at George placing his feet on Dream's own.

"We talked two hours ago, Dreamie," George giggled into Dream's chest. He craned his neck to look into Dream's eyes. The forest that is hidden behind his gaze never failed to tug George in.

"Missed you," Dream repeated, this time making eye contact with George. He immersed himself in the flush that bloomed across George's cheeks.

Cool fall air hugged the pair's bodies, forcing them into a deeper embrace. Neither complained about the centimeter of space between their chests being taken.

"I missed you too," George responded after a beat. His lips curled into a smirk as he tightened his grip around Dream's neck. George didn't fail to notice the warmth that clawed its way up Dream's nape.

Dream's eyes met George's in a silent question.

It still managed to amaze George how gentlemanly Dream's actions were. He asked George if anything and everything they did was okay, no matter how normal the activity was said to be. Dream appreciated George for everything he had to give, never asking for anything more, instead basking in what he had. Dream understood George's insecurities and fears, never pushing him over the line of discomfort and panic.

George beamed and nodded at Dream's puppy dog eyes, sending a quiet answer to his even more silent question.

Dream leaned down and pressed a long, slow kiss to George's lips. Their lips locked together like puzzle pieces. Like a key unlocking a secret door, only it can. The cold air that nipped at the boys' skin seemed to sizzle into burning heat, a fire burning in their hearts.

They moved silently and in sync as if this movement was something they'd known their whole lives. It almost felt like they had.

George was the first to pull away. Any sign of sleep dissolved from his features. They met eyes again, and Dream leaned to press a kiss to George's hairline. George giggled as Dream continued to pepper kisses across his face, playfully nipping at his nose when he reached it.

Now bursting into full laughter, George pushed Dream away. "You're such an idiot," he giggled, "What are you doing here?"

"I missed you, duh," as if it weren't already obvious, "Is it wrong for a guy to want to see his boyfriend every once in a while?" Dream poked at George's shoulder with a smile and hobbled over to George's unkempt bed.

George rolled his eyes in faux annoyance, shutting the window and teetering to follow Dream's path to the bed. "No, but it is a school night, honey," George turned to ruffle Dream's dark, dirty blonde hair. "Plus, it's cold out there; you can't get sick before your game." He added with another hair ruffle.

Dream rolled over, shifting to lay on his back in the middle of the bed. The old glowing stars that hung themselves on George's ceiling forced a giggle to bubble out of Dream's mouth.

George hummed at the sound, opting to lay on his side against Dream's hip. "What are you laughing at?" Instead of shifting his gaze to meet Dream's, he fixed his eyes on Dream's beautiful jawline. He moved his eyes to silently trace it, then tracing his nose, then lips.

"I remember buying those stupid stars, you know." Dream's lips formed a smile.

"Yeah?" George grinned, "I don't think they're very stupid if you remember buying them."

Dream finally met George's eyes, stuttering when he realized George was already staring. "We were only, what, ten, maybe?" George nodded, engrossed in Dream's gravely voice, "And we were allowed to walk to Walmart for the first time," he chuckled at the memory, "We didn't have much money, but you wanted those little stars so badly, I just couldn't say no."

"You would've said yes even if we didn't have any money." George countered. Dream faltered; They both knew it was true.

"Whatever," Dream muttered with a hidden smile, "Don't you have a test you need rest for tomorrow?" He hugged George closer to the warmth of his side.

"Well, I was resting until this pretty boy came and interrupted my precious beauty sleep," George sighed, "I was hoping maybe he'd get some rest with me?" He looked up at Dream with what could only be described as one a hurt puppy would give.

"What a shame because I was really hoping to sleep with a beautiful boy like you tonight." He played into George's narrative, "I'm lonely, you know."

"Maybe we can sleep together," George giggled, "just for tonight."

Dream grinned at George's silly attempt to flirt. "That sounds good to me, Georgie."

George leaned further into Dream's side with a content sigh. He nuzzled his cheek into the soft fabric of Dream's worn t-shirt, admiring the scent that it came with.

As the night grew colder and leaves piled on the shriveled grass, two boys enveloped themselves in each other. They shoved the cold away, thriving on the feeling of warm breaths against cool skin.

If the blankets were forgotten that night, neither Dream nor George noticed. The heat emanating from their bodies was enough to keep them warm for the night.

It was no surprise to George's family to watch Dream waltz down the stairs in the morning, knowing very well he wasn't there the night before. A seat was already set, and food was already

placed for his arrival. Dream was like a second son and brother to George's family. Most mornings, he spent cooking or watching TV with the family. This morning was no different.

"Morning Dream," George's older sister Regina called from the couch. "When'd you get here?"

Dream chuckled, "Morning Gina." He stumbled to sit next to her on the couch, "Maybe I was here the whole time, and you didn't notice."

"Yeah, sure, like I don't know who's in my own house." She rolled her eyes with a fond smile. Regina looked at Dream like the second younger brother she never had, sometimes treating Dream nicer than George himself. Gina's room was next to George's. It was a wonder she hadn't heard the words only George was meant to hear.

"Boo!" a voice shouted from behind the couch. Harper launched herself between Dream and Regina with a squeal. "Hi, Dream. Hi Gina. Where's George?"

Harper was the only person on Earth, other than Dream and George themselves, who knew about their relationship. It seemed as if the pair were best friends that were only touchy with one another from the outside. If you looked hard enough, maybe it was a little obvious they were more than friends, but for now, only Harper knew.

Harper had stumbled in on a makeout between Dream and George, which was much more than platonic, and after much bribing and twenty dollars out of each boys' pockets, she promised to keep the secret.

"Sleeping, of course," Regina answered, "You better wake him up Harper, he has a test today."

"Why can't Dream do it," Harper whined, "He'd probably enjoy it better." Dream shoved her in the side lightly at the comment. She only rolled her eyes.

"Wake him up." Regina's voice was stern, forcing Harper into making her way to the staircase.

As soon as Harper was up the stairs, Regina turned to look at Dream. Startled by the sudden shift, Dream looked back at her. "What?" His voice quivered.

"You're dating, aren't you?" Regina smirked at the sudden bulge in Dream's eyes and blush that flooded his cheeks.

"I have no idea who or what you are talking about," he spoke with a dry mouth as he focused on a stray string hanging from his cuff.

"What a shame because I was really hoping to sleep with a beautiful boy like you tonight. I'm lonely, you know." Regina mocked in a voice that Dream assumed was meant to be his own, "Direct quote, you know, I recorded it." She let her phone dangle in her fingers with a mischievous grin—a challenge. "The walls are paper thin, Dream. I could excuse some of the noises, but that was my breaking point. Either be cheesy somewhere that isn't next to my room or give me details."

Dream flushed bright pink. Thankfully, George stumbled down the stairs at that moment, sporting a hoodie Dream knew once hung in his own closet.

"Clothes are upstairs, Dream," George said as he walked by Dream's slumped figure. "Be ready in ten; we gotta go."

Dream nodded and practically trampled Harper in his mad dash up the stairs. Once he reached George's room, he lets out a sigh he didn't know he was holding. George's family knowing couldn't

be that bad, could it?

Oh, how naive Dream was then. By the time he walked downstairs again, George was already being grilled by Regina about their relationship. Dream flushed and grabbed George's arm, practically dragging him out the front door. Once the front door was closed, George began laughing.

"It was only a matter of time." He stood on his tip-toes and pecked Dream's lips with his own. "School?"

Dream nodded as he interlocked their hands, "I have football practice tonight out on the field. Are you gonna be there?" They began making their way to Dream's old Chevy Malibu as they spoke.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," George smiled. The flush on his cheeks from the bitter air was beautiful.

Dream pulled open the passenger side door and bowed, "For you, my love." He winked before doubling over with laughter.

Still, George hopped into the seat with a smile and took his job as "Car DJ." This job was vital, or so George said. He spent half of the time looking for good songs rather than listening to any. By the time the pair arrived at school, George had settled on a song composed by various artists he couldn't pronounce the names of.

"Drop me off here?" he looked over to Dream, "My test is in this building today," he explained when he saw Dream's face fall.

The car slowed to a stop at the front entrance, and George kissed Dream on the cheek. He then climbed out of the vehicle.

"See you on the field," Dream spoke with a dopey smile George adored.

Just like that, he was gone. Dream was alone again, an empty passenger seat only making the feeling crawl deeper into his lungs. George was only twenty steps away, and Dream was already reeling from a distance.

He grabbed his phone from the center console and shot George a quick text.

"Miss u. Good luck on the test :)"

George turned back for a moment, chocolate brown eyes meeting with lime green. He smiled and replied

"Miss you more <3."

With that, Dream drove away. He quickly shifted his hand to play with the radio station, opting to turn the music off altogether. Despite his love for music, he had to admit it didn't help his already terrible driving. Dream weaved through the sea of high schoolers, searching for a decent parking spot.

God knows how Sapnap managed to spot Dream's car within the chaos surrounding the school, but the slam of the door startles Dream enough to make him jump in his seat. He shuffled to the side with a groan.

"Fuck, Sapnap, warn me next time," he lifts his hands to rub his temples with a sigh and keeps

driving.

"I'm here to keep you on your toes, man," he chuckled, shoving Dream's side and laughing harder when he's thrown a stern glare. "Your eyes don't work on me like they do on George or anyone else at this school; I've known you too long, don't even try."

Dream and Sapnap had been friends much longer than anyone else had. They bonded through their shared love of football back in elementary school on the playground, and the friendship had blossomed ever since. Now, they played on the school's varsity football team together. They'd gone through fallouts, arguments, fights, any type of anger towards each other had already been explored, but they managed to stay friends all the same.

Dream let out a curse on his breath directed towards Sapnap, "You looking forward to practice tonight?"

"Eh, Karl has tutoring, and Punz has to sit out because of some stupid broken leg." He shook his head.

"Am I not good enough for you?" Dream gasped in faux sadness and pretended to weep into his palms as his elbows rested on the wheel.

Sapnap ignored his dramatics. "I've played on a broken leg before, you know."

"No, you've only told me one hundred times like I wasn't there." Dream teased with a smile.

Finally, he pulled into a parking spot. Granted, it was made of wet mud and grass, but a parking spot all the same. Dream's eyes flickered to the closest entrance to the building, and he let out a groan.

Girls flocked around the door, staring at players doing morning warm-ups on the field. He knew all about the kinds of girls who gushed about guys on the field because he used to be one of the guys they raved about. Maybe a few years ago, he would've enjoyed the attention. On a good day, he would've flirted back. Now, he had George. George was all he wanted and needed. Anyone else was as valuable as a piece of paper fluttering in the wind.

Sapnap and Dream stepped out of the car, avoiding the girls' eagle-like gazes in lower years.

Dream shakes his head, in turn messing up his shaggy hair more as he walks past the girls. A chorus of giggle erupts from the group, and he can only sigh. Whispers of different names are called out as Sapnap and Dream walk by, presumably those who had their eyes on the pair.

At one point, a girl with short black hair grabs his arm. "Do you maybe wanna hang out sometime?"

"Interested in someone else, sorry." The girl's face falls, and everyone, including Sapnap, audibly gasps. He continues walking, and Sapnap catches up after a beat. Dream hadn't spoken the words to anyone aloud before that moment. Maybe blurting them out in front of a group of teenage girls wasn't a good idea.

"Dude, you didn't tell me you liked anyone. I thought we told each other everything," in a way, Sapnap sounded defeated.

"It isn't important; we're in high school now. Crushes are for middle school." Dream forced a dry laugh out as to not sound as nervous. George and Dream had both agreed they weren't ready to let the school know, let alone their own families. It was 2021; they wouldn't be ridiculed for coming

out. They were only scared.

Scared that they wouldn't be able to live in a world of their own if everyone else knew they were together. Neither was ashamed of the other, quite the opposite. Fear got the best of their teenage minds, and it was decided their relationship was to be a secret.

"It's important if it's you saying it. You haven't liked someone in almost a year and a half," Sapnap offered.

Dream and George had been dating for a year and a half.

"Look, I said it to get out of the situation without having to reject anyone. Nothing is going on." Dream placed a hand on Sapnap's back and smiled, "Time for class."

"I'm not taking that as an answer, but if we don't go to class now, I'll be late. One more tardy on my record, and I can't play for the season," Sapnap sighed as he followed Dream through the doors of the building. "Don't expect me to be so easy later."

The day dragged on as 7:00 A.M. turned into 2:00 P.M., and the sun shifted in the sky. There wasn't a cloud in sight as Dream made a beeline towards the field. Grass flew under his feet, and people made way for the 6'3 man running like a child.

This was Dream's favorite part of the school day if you could count it as that. He could watch the sunshine flit off George's eyelashes and cheeks without making it overly obvious. George enjoyed doing homework on the bleachers while watching the football boys play. He was practically one of the players with the amount of time he spent with them.

George was sat in his usual spot, seven spots up and five seats over. It got him far enough from the action so he could focus but close enough to walk near if needed.

Dream flailed his arms when George finally looked his way. He shot George a goofy grin as he watched George double over with laughter. Dream was still far enough away that he couldn't hear the giggles, but he'd heard them enough times to play them in his brain.

His freckles are prominent in the heat of the sun, Dream noticed for the hundredth time.

Sapnap dragged him to the locker rooms on the other side of the field, away from George. Dream supposes it's for the better because if it was up to him, he'd stare at George for the entirety of practice.

"Are you gonna tell me or what," Sapnap finally asks Dream. Dream knew he was holding back questions all day, so he decided to let Sapnap have something.

"You know them," Dream shrugged as he entered the sweaty locker room.

Sapnap whined, "I know a lot of people Dream! That narrows it down about ten people."

Dream laughs as he walks towards his locker. George had decorated it for Dream at the beginning of the year because "varsity is a big deal," George had said. At the time, Dream didn't know how he felt about having his locker decorated with stickers and construction paper, but now he knew just how much art could remind you of a person. He smiled at the letters D+G traced near the plastic mirror.

"Who are we narrowing down?" A voice butts in- Quackity. "And who's G?"

"Dream actually likes someone for once; I'm trying to figure out who because he won't tell me," Sapnap explains, walking over to check himself out in the cheap mirror. He glances down to where Dream had his fingers. "Who's G?"

Dream averted eye contact and went back to changing. Maybe George shouldn't have made it *that* obvious.

"Is that their initial? The person you like?" Sapnap guffawed as he watched the nervous blush creep up Dream's neck. "I'm gonna find this out whether you want me to or not. You can pull just about anyone. I don't know why you're weird about this."

Because you're not supposed to know. Dream nodded and walked out the same doors he walked into—a group of guys flooded around George in the cool air. George was good with people no matter how many times he denied the fact. The other players on the team loved him and thought he was just about the world's funniest person. Dream knew he really was.

"What's going on over here?" Dream smirked as he jogged over to the group of players.

George looked ethereal in the afternoon light. Even better than where he sat on the bleachers. His pale skin shimmered in the sun as he flashed a broad smile Dream's way. Dream made sure to remember to compliment George later.

"I passed the big test I had today," George giggled, "The guys wanna take me to the diner up the road to celebrate, but I'm not sure if I'm doing anything later." That was George's way of asking Dream if he wanted to hang out -- alone -- later.

Dream beamed, "The diner sounds great to me." An answer.

George pretended to get a text before smiling and looking back at the team, "Turns out nothing's going on later; I'll go too."

The team cheered and whooped before getting herded off to start practice. Dream pressed a kiss to George's knuckles while everyone turned their backs.

If this isn't love, Dream doesn't want to know what is.

Practice dragged on without incident from Sapnap or any of the other guys. Training went on without incident until it was time to go back to the locker rooms to change, that is. When Dream gets in from practice, he drops anything and showers. He tries to get a shower quickly to beat the other guys and take any extra time he can get with George. He tends to forget essential items like his phone or wallet laying out on the bench near his locker when trying.

Today turned out to be one of those days. Dream rushed into the shower so fast he forgot to put anything in his locker. Today, of all days, was the one Sapnap decided to pick up his phone to snoop.

Dream turned the faucet to cold, then to off, stepping out of the low shower with a towel wrapped around his lower abdomen. Water dripped to the floor from his damp hair as he stumbled to his personal locker. George tends to text Dream after practice to ask anything as small as a hug to something as big as an impromptu road trip.

It was always a surprise with George. It was also a surprise to Dream when his phone wasn't sitting on his letterman jacket where he left it.

"Looking for something?" Dream could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

Dream knew precisely what he had before he turned around. As he turned on his heel, the sight of George flashed before his eyes.

Dream's lock screen was a picture he took of George on their first anniversary, New Year's Eve. Dream had just kissed George when the photo was taken, but he wanted to keep the look on George's face to himself forever. George's eyes reflected the bright white and gold fireworks exploding the sky as red flooded his cheeks. The sky was lit with fireworks of all different colors, making a rainbow just for George. His smile was wide and bright. It looked as if it were made of beautiful pearls. His eyes were all sun, and his spotty freckles were its stars. He wore Dream's iconic black smile hoodie -- Dream never let anyone wear that hoodie -- and grey basketball shorts.

George looked ethereal.

The phone's cheap camera quality did no justice for the true beauty that was George. While Dream loved how George looked everywhere, he had to admit he looked even more beautiful in person.

The picture wasn't what made everything so obvious. It was the contact who just sent the message, "Meet me behind the bleachers, wanna kiss u :]."

George.

"I was looking for something, and that happens to be it," Dream stammered. He grabbed for his phone, but Sapnap guarded it.

"You don't think I'm going to let you get away with this that easily, do you?" Sapnap chuckled at the fear-filled face Dream sported. It was only a matter of time he found out. It got more challenging as the months went on to hide their relationship. George was touchy, and no matter how hard Dream denied, so was he. The couple found it hard to watch the other get flirted with and knew their "secret" would be out soon.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Dream smirked as he plucked his phone from Sapnap's grip, "Now I have to meet someone behind the bleachers."

Dream grabbed his letterman and tried to get out before--

"My buddy, Dream, is taken!" Sapnap shouted from his place, standing on one of the many benches that littered the locker room. The room filled with claps, laughs, and cheers. It was almost a ritual for the team to embarrass their teammate when they found a significant other.

Jokes about Dream pissing the bed and stories of his stupidity were all they could ever come with, but Dream didn't mind. George knew just about every story there was to know about Dream. Some, in fact, only he knew.

"Say what you want," Dream laughed and threw his hands up in defeat. There was no escaping this one.

Dream laughed and shook his head. He couldn't deny that he loved his team like brothers, especially at times like this.

"So who is it?" Quackity called over the crowd, striding to place his hand on Dream's shoulder and

shake.

Dream blushed and looked at his feet, thinking for a moment. "Can I talk to him first?"

A chorus of yes's played in the sweaty room as Dream turned towards the cold door. The sun started to set fifteen minutes ago, and to Dream's delight, George wasn't on the bleachers.

He set off in a slow jog towards the gate that led under the bleachers, taking in the scent of the early night air. Green grass tickled his exposed toes, and the sound of people chatting as they walked the track filled Dream's ears. The air tasted like burgers on a Friday night as the sky melted from blue to orange and pink. It was an idyllic after-school setting.

Dream reached the metal gate and swung it open with no hesitation. It was, of course, unlocked, and further into the dim light stood small, perfect George. He looked up from the beam of his phone and grinned from ear to ear at Dream.

"Hi," Dream said as he stepped over metal beams and old cigarettes to make his way to George. As the distance closed, so did the person-sized hole in Dream's heart. George's embrace was what he'd been craving all day, so he wasn't going to wimp out on the hug now. When he reached George's arms, he finally was content and warm.

George placed his chin on Dream's chest and let his eyes pool into Dream's. "Hi," he smiled.

"Missed you," Dream offered with a cheeky grin.

"Missed you too," George giggled as he leaned up to reach Dream's lips. It was all fireworks, like the night of their anniversary. Warmth and smiles, kissing and touching.

When Dream pulled away, George's lips were flushed red to match his pink cheeks. His eyes sparkled in the dim, dusty light, and he smiled with pearly white teeth. His freckles had been painted by Van Gogh, his lips by Picasso. His chocolate hair was brushed by the gods, and his honey-sweet voice was envied by anyone who heard it. George stood under the bleachers draped in Dream's football hoodie and Dream's jeans, wrapped in Dream's arms.

Beautiful.

At once, Dream grabbed his phone and took a picture. His phone wasn't perfect, but it captured George's beauty. It was time for a new lock screen.

Dream leaned into George's neck to place sweet, chaste kisses. "They know," he speaks between kisses.

"And how'd they figure that out?" George asked with an amused smile. He threaded his fingers deeper into Dream's dark gold locks.

Dream pulled away to look George into his eyes. His composure was lost when he looked into the dessert hidden behind George's irises. Maybe it was a good thing Dream could soon call George his in front of everyone because how could anyone resist those eyes?

"They found out we were dating because my lock screen is a picture of you." He smiled. It was sweet, the look on George's face next. He tried to contort his face into one of anger before bursting out into beautiful laughter.

"You're such an idiot, only you could've managed that," George forced out words through his fit of giggles. The look on Dream's face was one made of love. Sure, he'd let out his biggest secret and

would have to explain everything to everyone, but if that meant he got to show off George to just about everyone who saw him, it was okay.

"Only I could've managed that, and that's okay. I've got a new one." George gasped and reached for Dream's phone. "You're just too beautiful to not have a picture of as my screensaver," Dream continued, "Everyone's gotta know only I get to date the most beautiful man in the world."

He leaned down and pressed a kiss to George's forehead to hide his smile. "Wanna go to the diner now?"

George reached out to intertwine their fingers, "Let's go."

So when Dream and George walked from under the bleachers with flushed cheeks and interlocked hands, it wasn't a question of who Dream was dating. It was even less of a question when he walked up to his teammates and pressed a kiss to the spot where his fingers met George's.

This is what love is, Dream thought. This is what love is, Dream knew.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading this far :D this ones a longer one so i really appreciate it!!
the whole "secret relationship" trope makes me so happy i couldn't not write about it :]

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!